LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES

No Salvation For Witches

by Rafael Chandler

"And many good folk also that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected; yet pitied thei more her penance, then rejoyced therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it, more of a corrupt intent then ani vertuous affeccion."

(Thomas More, The History of King Richard III)

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LAMENTATIONS *of the* FLAME PRINCESS

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Preface

This is not a low-prep adventure.

NSFW is a cheerfully gory adventure inspired by slasher movies and heavy metal. This isn't grimdark, it's glibdark. Have fun!

The whole thing takes place over a period of 24 hours, beginning with the player characters crossing the threshold of the outer sphere (more about that in just a moment). From that point, start tracking time, keeping a rough idea of how many hours a given task takes. After 24 hours, the ritual is complete, and you can skip to the section marked "If the Ritual is Completed" towards the back of the adventure. The player characters may not even realize that a ritual has taken place. So much the better; the changes to their world will eventually become apparent, and they may come to realize that they were present when those alterations were made.

Like insects crawling through a clockwork mechanism, characters will engage with the challenges of this adventure on their own terms. They may not fully comprehend all that they experience. They might only see some of the moving parts. They could die in agony, or triumph and emerge unscathed. All of this is acceptable.

In the same way that the inner workings of a clock is eventually opened for winding or maintenance, possibly permitting the insects to escape, this adventure follows an established timetable, and when it is concluded the characters will be free. Until then, they will face the weird.

They will make decisions. Dice will hit the table.

The characters might stride forth laden with spectacular treasures and world-bending magics, or perhaps they will limp away, mutilated and horrified.

The choice is not yours.

Setting

The adventure takes place in Caversdale, England, sometime in the late 1620s. Characters may hear rumors about this place and its haunted priory, or they may stumble across it while traveling to another location.

Times are hard. The Price Revolution has brought fresh misery into the lives of peasants. Between 1500 and 1625, the population of England increased from 2.6 million to 4.6 million. Furthermore, the supply of precious metals increased due to the arrival of ships bearing gold and silver from the New World, and from increased production of silver in Europe. As a consequence of the aforementioned rise in population and availability of precious metals, the cost of living increased dramatically, with the price of some goods multiplying fivefold or sixfold. Food is so expensive that many peasants simply starve to death, or find themselves eating the heretofore unthinkable.

In this time of desperation and uncertainty, a Magic-User named Orelia Woolcott takes control of a priory by force, and sets into motion a series of strange events.

The land surrounding Caversdale Priory (full name: the Priory Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Caversdale) has been warped by the magics that Woolcott unleashed. Aided by her coterie, Woolcott plans to perform a ritual that will permanently alter human society across the globe.

Caversdale Priory squats between a forest and Pendle Moor; there's a village to the northwest and a smoking ruin to the east. All of these places—the priory, the villages, the moor—have been contaminated by sorcery. Woolcott's magics are difficult to control and they have produced strange (possibly lethal) phenomena throughout the region.

Backstory

Four years ago, the priory (which was shut down during the Dissolution of the Monasteries) was taken over by Richard Grey, an abbot of some standing. Accompanied by monks, nuns, and villagers seeking work, Grey entered the abandoned Caversdale Priory and declared it a house of God once more. He found the priory's hidden treasures, fenced them, and used the silver to feed the poor and shelter those without homes. All was well.

Two days ago, a group of dancers, led by a charismatic Magic-User named Orelia Woolcott, seized control of the priory. They've spent their days in pursuit of artistic expression, and their nights in pursuit of occult wisdom. They believe that through their dance and their passion and their study, they have allowed Orelia to open a door to another realm—one inhabited by Terpsichore, Greek muse and patroness of dancers.

Chaos ensued. Though Orelia and her entourage did not resort to violence, the inhabitants of the priory were terrified, and most of them fled. Some, captivated by Orelia's conviction and sentiments, remained.

Those who left the priory found two things: first, it was proved impossible to leave the area, as a vast and invisible sphere, nearly ten miles wide, had manifested about the priory and surrounding environs; second, the area was rife with terrors, brought through when Orelia wrested open the portal to a distant realm.

The spinning movements of the dancers in the church have produced whorls of sorcery which resemble miniscule typhoons wrought from lightning or fire; these spirals proceed away from the priory in circular patterns, transforming the world around them as they move. Their presence accounts for the deformity of the abbot Richard Grey, the strange appearance of the maidens he travels with, the amorphids in Pendle Moor, and so on.

Characters

I. Orelia Woolcott

Woolcott is a dark-eyed woman in her thirties, with thin lips and a pointed chin. She's crisp, aloof, and decisive. If she encounters someone who appears to share her vision for a world transformed, her demeanor shifts, and she becomes warm and effusive. When Woolcott speaks, she's prone to hand gestures: pointing, stabbing, gripping, punching. She's bold, fearless, and committed to her plan. She disdains clothing in protest of sumptuary law (statutes which delineated which type of fabric and clothing a person could wear, depending on rank, income, and gender), and walks nude, save for the red sash about her waist and the ivory wand strapped to her forearm.

> "We're destined for work as midwives, wet nurses, and prostitutes—often in that very sequence—and no other choice is offered to us. Thanks to the Price Revolution and New World bullion, refugees seek alms, and receive scorn. All this will end. We shall crush temples, topple citadels, and begin the work of humanity anew."

Because she first encountered the Primogenitor while dancing, Woolcott erroneously concluded that dance was a necessary component of communication with the entity.

Woolcott regards the Primogenitor as the manifestation of the Greek muse Terpsichore, and it's doubtful that she'll be disabused of this misconception. She correctly surmises that "Terpsichore" seeks to help her achieve the goals of equality, empathy, and exploration. What she doesn't know is that the Primogenitor is capable of horrific mistakes.

She'll regard strangers as potential allies, and rewards those who help her with gifts, such as the ribbon she gave to Sir Latimer—but if they are neutral, she leaves them alone, content to focus on her work. If she is questioned, she will answer to the best of her ability (as long as she perceives good will on the part of the person asking the questions). Hostile persons will be attacked.

She's usually found inside the church at the center of the priory.

Armor 17, Movement 120', 5th level Magic-User, 18 hp, serrated dagger 1d6 or magic, Morale 12.

Woolcott knows 3 first-level spells, 2 second-level spells, and 1 third-level spell. Though naked, her body is protected by the Primogenitor's magic, which accounts for her high armor.

Her magic wand, *Obdurate*, has a range of 90', and if she uses it against a character, roll a save vs. Magical Device or else a single lung or kidney (flip a coin) is partially petrified, much of it becoming a talc-like substance—a soft white stone. The process inflicts 1d8 damage and extraordinary pain. If a single lung is petrified, the character's move rate is halved; if a single kidney is petrified, the agony results in a -4 to any combat rolls until the character has received some kind of medical attention. Should both lungs or both kidneys be petrified, the character dies. The wand has 6 charges left.

Her red sash, *Metagrobolizer*, is woven from the red silk by a Jorogumo ("prostitute spider," a demonic hybrid of woman and arachnid). *Metagrobolizer* has a powerful effect on its wearer: any spell cast against her is randomly changed to another spell of the same level. If someone casts a spell directly affecting Woolcott, the Referee asks that player to roll a d20, and then checks to see which spell was actually cast. The result might be *Detect Magic* or *Feather Fall*—even if the player character doesn't know those spells, that's what gets cast. There's a 50% chance that the spell being cast will actually be one level higher than what was intended (which could actually make matters worse for Woolcott).

2. Primogenitor

Neither carbon-based nor mortal, this lifeform exists in a distant part of the cosmos, but is able to travel incalculable distances instantaneously. However, to do so causes significant destruction to any nearby material structures (moons, planets, etc.), thus the entity typically extends a thin pseudopod of consciousness that it might communicate with lesser life forms and help them.

It is quite curious about humanity. However, it is generally incapable of discerning between individual humans, perceiving them as a single hive with several glowing nodal points (for example, powerful entities such as Woolcott). Having perceived in Woolcott a desire to end harmful phenomena and embrace strategies that will improve the lot of the species and ecosystem, the Primogenitor endeavors to assist the Magic-User when it can. It has, through great concentration, learned to differentiate her from other hominid lifeforms, and periodically communicates with her—in the form of scents that only Woolcott can detect (honeysuckle, pine, orange rind, vomit). However, it will not directly attack the player characters, or any NPCs.

Like a human encountering a smaller and less-developed form of life, the Primogenitor has caused a great deal of inadvertent harm, but remains blissfully unaware of this fact. Its inability to see our world clearly—it acts primarily through Woolcott, and its perceptions are filtered through her crude organic sensory systems, such as optical transmitters in the form of two fluid-filled spheres—means that it is unlikely to communicate directly with the player characters. Thus, they may well remain ignorant of the entity's true nature unless they spend time with Woolcott and attempt to communicate with the Primogenitor through her.

If anyone looks directly on the Primogenitor in its true form, the viewer's sense of self is obliterated. However, it is unlikely that this will ever happen.

Typically, the Primogenitor manifests itself as a low thrumming that seems to emanate from all solid matter in the area. Sometimes, with a great degree of concentration, it can take the shape of a woman, wrought from what appears to be smoke (and yet it also behaves like a dark liquid spilled into water, leaving trails as it moves slowly beside Woolcott).

If the player characters attempt to fight or kill Woolcott, the Primogenitor may appear, and might even assume a corporeal form of some kind—a heinous amalgam of body parts and suppurating organs dangling from a vast shape—but will be unable to use any magic or perform any physical attacks. At best, it might heal Woolcott for 1d8 hit points.

B. Bishops of the Synod

The Bishops of the Synod (who sometimes refer to themselves as the Unbiddable Coven) are five women who stand with Woolcott. They know the risk of such action; peasant revolts are always perceived as an attack on the authority of the nobility, and are crushed swiftly and violently. To agitate as they have is to invite the wrath of the crown and the church. But they are ready to die, and so they proceed.

Like Woolcott, the Bishops disdain sumptuary law, but rather than walk about in the nude, they violate this law by wearing clothes forbidden to them: silk garments, curved French hoods, embroidered hats, bonnets with ostrich feathers, and whalebone farthingales beneath their dresses. They lighten their skins with egg whites and white lead, then redden their lips with cochineal.

They seek to create a new society in which slavery is illegal and none go hungry. Beyond that, they plan to colonize the frontier, challenging dark magics head-on and bringing back powerful magics to better the lives of others.

Depending on the player characters' choices, the Bishops may well reward them with silver and magic items—or these may be wrested from the Bishops' corpses.

Rather than use the names they were given at birth, they've all chosen the names of goddesses: Astarte, Demeter, Duna, Nehkbet, and Wadjet. Only Woolcott still uses her birth name.

They are all unmarried and literate, which would bring great trouble upon them were it not for the fact that they're also known witches with sizable bounties on their heads, and thus already in a significant amount of trouble.

Astarte

Astarte grew up in poverty. Earnest and slow, she knows the value of care and diligence. Typically, she'll choose (or advocate) the least violent course of action. She's a woman of few words and few mistakes. Tall, with a broad and sturdy frame, she's physically imposing. Her silks and finery are usually hidden beneath her armor. She will see the hungry fed and the downtrodden raised up.

Armor 16, Movement 90', 3rd level Fighter, 26 hp, double-headed war axe 1d10, Morale 10.

> "This is the night in which Mother Luna has bestowed upon us the power to right all wrongs."

Demeter

While still a nun in Italy, using her given name, she was disciplined on several occasions for expressing an interest in forbidden matters. In fact, she went so far as to secretly study Copernicus' works through a smuggled copy of Paolo Foscarini's "Letter concerning the Opinion of the Pythagoreans and Copernicus about the Mobility of the Earth and Stability of the Sun," a crime punishable by death; she determined for herself that the heliocentric model was clearly correct. Shortly thereafter, in 1616, the church issued an edict prohibiting the works of Copernicus, and she lost her faith. It was not long before she was found by Orelia Woolcott and recruited into the Bishops. Demeter has long red hair in several braids, and is missing an eye. She desires to see all forbidden knowledge unearthed and disseminated.

Armor 14, Movement 90', 4th level Fighter, 32 hp, crossbow, bolts 1d8 (24) or *Bolts of Hate* 1d8+special (12) , Morale 10. She carries a dozen *Bolts of Hate*, cursed shafts of fire-hardened ironwood; anyone struck by one must save vs. Magical Device or immediately turn and attack an ally with whatever means are available (this does not count as a normal attack).

> "We all carry nails and hammers, in the event that we should encounter a particularly obstreperous Christian."

Duna

Once a prostitute, Duna is now a Specialist devoted to Woolcott. A short girl with limp blonde hair and narrow brown eyes, Duna carries hatred in her heart like single coal glowing in a soot-blackened stove. She's excitable, hostile, gleeful, and propelled through life by a desire to identify threats and destroy them. She'll protect Woolcott at all costs.

Armor 14, Movement 120', 3rd level Specialist, 15 hp, poisoned shortsword 1d6, Morale 10. Her shortsword is coated with Beorhthilde ("shining battle-maid"), a poison which saps the strength of its victims. Anyone cut by the blade must save vs. Poison or lose 1d3 points of Strength. The effects are cumulative. The duration is 1d100 minutes.

> "I would contend that all persons are born equal. If someone questions that belief, then I open him up and count his lungs and kidneys. If he's got more than I do, then I apologize, and I admit that he was right."

Wadjet

Unlike her sister Nekhbet, Wadjet is calm, philosophical, and even tempered. Her years on the streets have left her with a scarred upper lip, six missing teeth, and a capacity for enduring pain. She will do anything to advance the cause, and she is fanatically loyal to the Bishops.

Armor 16, Movement 90', 4th level Cleric, 18 hp, war hammer 1d8, Morale 9. Spells: 3 first-level and 1 second-level spell.

> "We are more than a coven of witches, or a troupe of dancers, or peasants in revolt against their betters. We would sunder all chains, and burn all masters upon a pyre of flaming yokes."

Nekhbet

Lean and quick, Nekhbet is the opposite of her mild-mannered twin, Wadjet. Nekhbet paces, fidgets, and juggles when there's no action to be had. Conversation bores her, as do study, contemplation, meals, kindness, and anything taking more than two minutes. Her forearms and neck are covered in knife scars from wharf brawls gone wrong. She has a sailor's rolling gait, and her reedy limbs are wrapped in hard compact muscle. A fast-talking, decisive player character may receive a present (in the form of silver, or even magic) from Nekhbet.

Armor 14, Movement 90', 4th level Specialist, 19 hp, dagger 1d6. Morale 10. She carries a small canister of bloody cochineal, a dangerous cosmetic constructed in part from dried and powdered scarlet dreck (a lethal amorphid that dissolves living tissue). Bloody cochineal looks just like regular cochineal, and is applied on the lips with a small brush, as is customary. However, if applied to the skin of a man (either directly, or via a kiss), it causes decay and deterioration. A successful saving throw vs. Magic means that the victim merely sustains 1d12 points of damage and experiences grotesque scarring around the affected area. A failed saving throw means that the flesh rots and flakes away (lose 1d10 hit points per minute), and the man is eventually killed by gangrene or sepsis. Women are not harmed by this concoction—no matter what's done, bloody cochineal has no effect on them.

"I can get angry or I can kill. So I kill."

The Spheres

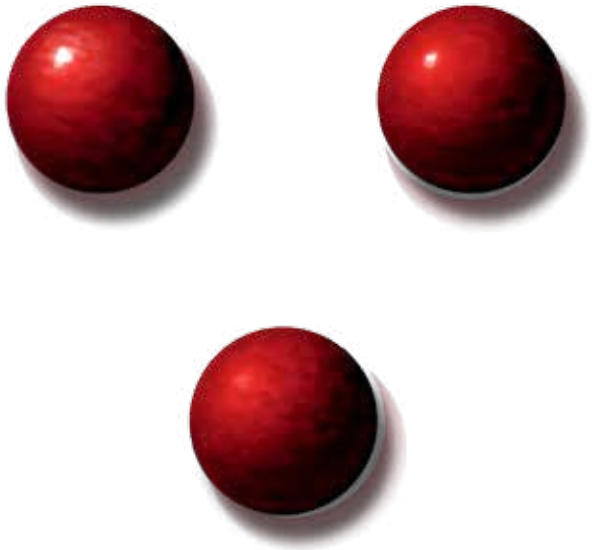
In accordance with Orelia Woolcott's wishes, the Primogenitor has created five spheres in this world. One is vast, and surrounds the villages and environs around the priory. Another is somewhat smaller, and is just large enough to encapsulate the priory itself. Three others are baubles the size of cantaloupes, and are arranged in a triangle around the priory.

The outer sphere is roughly 10 miles in diameter and invisible. Though one may pass through it when entering, it is impossible for any mortal to exit the sphere unless a spell of 7th level or higher is used. Stone cracks and wood breaks if hurled against the inside of the invisible sphere, just as they would if hurled at a wall of thick metal.

Any animals who pass into this outer sphere are killed. Birds in cages, familiars, horses, reptiles, insects, and all other creatures brought in with the player characters will sicken and die in a matter of minutes. The only animals left alive within the sphere are supernatural entities brought to life by magics performed in the church.

At the center of the outer sphere (five miles from its edge), an opaque pink sphere surrounds the priory. Within, Orelia and her Bishops work their magics.

The pink sphere is fashioned from the same strange indestructible material as the outer sphere, meaning that entry into the priory is impossible; if one tries to push through the pink sphere, something thrashes and writhes under the skin. Though small, it grows larger, inflicting one point of damage every round. Cutting into one's skin only reveals damaged tissue. If an adventurer pushes through despite the pain, the ructions beneath the skin spread across the entire body; eventually, the adventurer's skin sloughs off, revealing a perfect copy of the adventurer, covered in blood. This double has a completely different set of memories, a different outlook on life, and a violent hatred for all life in this strange world. This new character functions as a hostile NPC, and the original character is considered dead.



Three small spheres, apple-red and weightless, can be found in a triangular arrangement about the priory, each about five miles from the other two.

If one of the red spheres are brought within 100 yards of the encapsulated priory, the pink sphere shimmers and then blows away like bloodied gauze before vanishing. The person closest to the red sphere must then make a saving throw vs. Magic, or 1d6 randomly selected items dissolve into a syrupy goo. If two red spheres are brought to the priory, the pink sphere disappears, as above, but no saving throw is needed. If three red spheres are brought to the priory, then the person closest to the priory receives a temporary bonus of 1d4 to a randomly-selected attribute (duration: 1d3 hours).

This is the only way to enter the priory.

One of the three crimson spheres is located south of the priory, in the moors; one is located to the northwest, in the village of Edington; one is floating over the pond to the northeast. The four visible spheres give off a faint glow during the day, but at night they're visible for quite some distance and might even be mistaken for bonfires.

Anyone the player characters talk to (once they've entered) can tell them that the pink sphere only appeared around the priory after the three red spheres flew from it, arriving at their present locations.

Roughly 24 hours after the characters enter the outer sphere, Woolcott's ritual concludes, and the spheres vanish—unless, of course, the ritual has been interrupted.

Locations

Woods

In the woods to the north of the priory, the adventurers find a six-year-old girl singing in German. Her name is Anna Pfahlert. She has no idea how she got here. Her father is a priest in Würzburg (which is currently the site of one of the largest witch trials ever conducted).

Anna is no longer human. Anna is hungry. When she finds suitable prey, she reaches up, grabs the teeth of her upper jaw, and pulls until the skin tears; when her mouth is open all the way, her true form (thin, quick, and silent) steps out and unfolds its dripping violet limbs in the blink of an eye. Though reedy and frail-looking, Anna is quite durable, and the thin proboscis dangling from her pulsing red midsection is easily twelve feet long.

Armor 14, Movement 90', 5 Hit Dice, 26 hp, claws 1d6+special, Morale 9. The first time Anna hits, the player can choose to take 1d4 points of damage, or allow another player character to take 1d6 points of damage. If the player chooses the former, then the choice is repeated (perhaps to the same player, perhaps to another) the next time Anna strikes. However, if the latter is chosen, then the second time that she hits, the question becomes, "Would you rather take 1d6 points of damage or allow someone else to take 1d8?" And so on. Each time the player chooses to let someone else suffer, the Referee should describe the blow striking the body, then strangely passing through the flesh, as though the character were made of some kind of gelatin—and then a dripping wound is torn in the body of a fellow adventurer, though he/she might be quite far from Anna.

When meeting the adventurers for the first time, Anna may elect to play the role of a frightened little girl, hoping to lull the characters into complacency. Or she may go directly for the jugular.

Village: Edington

A small village (about 15 families), Edington is currently gripped by panic. Led by a man named Kyrkwode, the villagers have begun to hunt witches.

Thin and meticulous, Kyrkwode (a 0-level human) is the leader of the witch-hunters in the village of Edington. He is literate, and has a copy of the *Malleus Maleficarum*—which he's using as a guidebook as he administers justice in an effort to keep his people safe. Quiet and cerebral, Kyrkwode has the respect of all the men in his village. He's convinced that a black mass has been convened at the priory, and that accomplices in the village have provided aid and succor to Orelia. He's already killed four women, and is preparing to torture a fifth until a confession is extracted.

Kyrkwode's unshakable faith in the existence of witches is no recent occurrence. Years ago, his father killed a witch, and Kyrkwode pilfered a relic from the doomed woman's home during her trial: a wand of bone, filigreed with runic carvings in a language unknown to the man. If the runes are deciphered through magic, the caster discerns the word SEBUM. If this word is spoken, the runes glow, and the wand's magic transforms any water into an equivalent quantity of golden ooze. This does not affect liquids such as blood or milk, though it affects recently-ingested water, provided that it was imbibed within the past 5 minutes. Each use costs 1 charge, and the wand only has 2 charges. When the second charge is used, the wand liquefies, becoming yellow goo (in the caster's hand, unless a successful Dexterity check is made).

Golden ooze is Armor 16, Movement 60', 4 Hit Dice, 16 hp, acid 1d12, Morale 10. It appears as a wad of pulsing golden tissue, covered in translucent mucus. It emanates a yellowish glow, which is visible in the dark. The ooze inflicts 1d12 damage per attack, or per round if ingested. Vomiting it up causes another 1d8 points of damage. It can eat through chainmail in 1 round, and plate in 2. However, it does no damage to wood or stone. Magic based on heat or cold has no effect on it, but lightning does. It takes full damage from weapons, but if they're made of metal, they dissolve in 1 or 2 rounds.

Possessed of an animal cunning, the ooze knows when humanoids have disturbed its lair. In the wild, it covers itself in gold coins, then waits for the intruders to try to gather the gold. It then attacks. When it is slain, the mucus dissolves, but the yellow wad of tissue at its core remains intact, and is used by sorcerous alchemists to make powerful potions.

Yellow goo is Armor 11, Movement N/A, 6 Hit Dice, 39 hp, acid 1d6, Morale 10. Yellow goo is a sticky substance that slowly digests flesh, but doesn't eat through anything else. Though anchored to whatever its bulk is touching, it can extend pseudopods which lunge at prey, attempting to entangle. Each time it attacks, inflicting 1d6 damage from its acidic secretions, the victim must make a Strength check to escape. Failure means that the yellow goo automatically inflicts 1d6 damage the following round. This amorphid takes half damage from blunt weapons and fire, but takes 1d20 damage from the following Cleric spells: *Bless*, *Cure Light Wounds*, *Protection from Evil*, and *Sanctuary*.

If Kyrkwode encounters Magic-Users in a public place, he's likely to accuse them of consorting with demons, and may lash the townsfolk into a frenzy. He can summon 3d4 peasants (0-level Fighters) to aid him against the player characters.

However, if encountered alone, he's far less confident, and holds his tongue until it's safe to sound the alarm (or attack). He may offer to accompany the characters to the priory, where he hopes to find and kill Woolcott. When the pink sphere about the priory is dispelled, Kyrkwode leads a group of men to enter and kill any witches that they find. Should he make contact with the characters at that point, he'll demand that they help him, or he'll judge them heretics and order them to be burned.

A passage from the *Malleus Maleficarum*, which Kyrkwode recites each time he burns a witch: "All witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which is in women insatiable. See Proverbs 30: There are three things that are never satisfied, yea, a fourth thing which says not, It is enough; that is, the mouth of the womb. Wherefore for the sake of fulfilling their lusts they consort even with devils. More such reasons could be brought forward, but to the understanding it is sufficiently clear that it is no matter for wonder that there are more women than men found infected with the heresy of witchcraft. And in consequence of this, it is better called the heresy of witches than of wizards, since the name is taken from the more powerful party. And blessed be the Highest Who has so far preserved the male sex from so great a crime: for since He was willing to be born and to suffer for us, therefore He has granted to men the privilege." (Heinrich Kramer, *Malleus Maleficarum*)

The people of Edington are terrified, and looking for someone to blame. They can't leave this place, they can't enter the priory, their livestock is dead, and strange events transpire all about them. Kyrkwode offers a solution: torture and death.

Four young women have been flayed, sawn, and burned. Some confessed before they died, some didn't. One of them (Rilletta) was actually a witch, and if her home is searched thoroughly, a hidden compartment will be found. In the compartment can be found a small velvet bag, in which she kept a Proxy Ring.

Each time this ring is used on a 0-level character, that character obeys the ring bearer's orders to find and attack anyone specified. If used on a character of level 1 or higher, standard saving throws apply, but for a 0-level character, the effect is automatic—that character must drop everything, procure a weapon, and attack the person whom the caster has identified as a target, stopping for only two reasons: death or success. After successfully killing a target, the victim of the *Proxy Ring* will doubtless be horrified, and may well be able to identify the caster as someone who compelled the murder. Whether the authorities believe this tale or not is another matter. The ring has three charges remaining. The wearer must touch the target to use the magic.

Mertysa, a wet nurse in her forties, is currently tied to a stone in the center of town, and Kyrkwode is performing the territio verbalis—the stage of a witch trial during which the instruments of torture are shown to the accused. As the villagers have not conducted such proceedings before, they have no racks or wheels, but they do possess a great number of farming tools. Kyrkwode is currently showing Mertysa a windlass, which is a device used to lift heavy weights—a cylinder is rotated by means of a crank, and the rope is drawn accordingly. He is telling her that she will soon suffer the torments of Saint Erasmus, whose belly was slit open by Romans, who wound his bowels about a windlass as they cranked it.

Mertysa is no witch, merely a woman scared out of her wits and desperate to escape. When one of the other villagers accused her of sorcery, she tried to flee into the woods, but Kyrkwode's men caught her and dragged her to the center of town.

If rescued, she knows where a substantial treasure can be found. "In the attic, that's where, as sure as I'm standing here talking to you. Atop the priory's church, there's an attic, and you'll be looking for a door in the ceiling marked Problema, for that's the Latin word for problem. And problems is what you'll find in that attic, because the abbot's filled it up with his collection of postures, and you can put the tongs to me, but I won't say another word, because I'd rather lick the devil's arse from bow to stern than say another word on the subject. So I'll stop talking now. But if you do go up into that problem attic, you'd best have good steel on you, or a musket, and you'll want to touch nothing but those treasures, which for the life of me, I'm not sure who you can sell them to, but you're people of the world and you've seen and done all manner of disgusting things, I'm sure before Christ. Oh, and don't let the abbot catch you, as it's his personal items, but he's better off without them, as I believe there's still a chance for his redemption."

Pond

Six feet above a still black pond, a red sphere floats.

Until recently, the pond was full of perch, carp, and trout, but these all died when the spheres manifested. Shortly thereafter, an incandescent spiral full of twisted sorcery tore through the brambles and splashed into this pond, imbuing the dead fish with a twisted form of life. To enter the water (or to disturb it in any way) is to be attacked by dozens of undead fish.

Each fish is Armor 12, Movement 60', 1 Hit Die, 3 hp, bite 1d4, Morale 8. As they no longer breathe, they may well fling themselves out of the water in large numbers, each attempting to bite persons on the shore before landing on the dirt and flopping around madly.

At the center of this pond, which is a roughly circular and approximately 2 furlongs (1300 feet) in diameter, a red sphere floats about six feet above the water's surface.

If it is moved from its current position, even by a inch, it ceases to float in the air, and it falls. The sphere weighs about twenty pounds, and if not caught, immediately sinks to the bottom of the pond (which is about fifteen feet deep). The red glow attracts the attention of some of the undead fish, but the distraction will not be enough to protect anyone entering the water—several dozen fish will still try to bite them.

Adventurers who search either village (Edington or Forsgreave) will find a variety of rafts and boats to choose from.

If the adventurers circumnavigate the lake, or approach it from the north, they see a tree covered with inches of ice, as though a blizzard had struck it. They may also spy this phenomenon if they survey the lake carefully from its shore, or use a spyglass or similar device.

If they examine the tree up close, they'll see the following: floating just above the ground at the base of the tree, there's a small wad of blue glass (about a foot wide, lumpy and irregular in shape). If touched or disturbed in any way, it drops to the ground.

Though small, the object is incredibly heavy (about 1000 pounds), and anything that comes into contact with it is frozen solid at the point of contact. The freezing process continues through the object, its rate depending on the material: fabric and flesh freeze quickly, stone and metal take much longer. Removing the object from contact ends the freeze, though most metal objects will be rendered brittle, and tissue will be frostbitten, requiring healing magics or amputation.

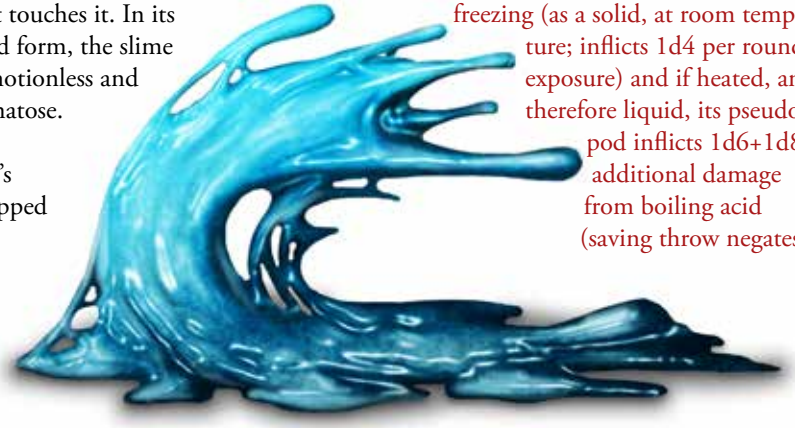
If the blob of glass is warmed by fire, it thaws, revealing itself to be an amorphid from a distant plane; specifically, this is cerulean slime. The monster is not large, but it is fast and it is vicious. If the source of heat is removed, the slime becomes solid once more—an impossibly heavy lump that freezes anything that touches it. In its solid form, the slime is motionless and comatose.

If it's dropped into the water, the cerulean slime freezes the entire lake solid in a matter of minutes. However, the ground then begins to freeze. Within hours, all of Caversdale will be frozen solid. Within weeks, all of England.

Once the blob is no longer touching the ground (or anything else), the freezing effect stops.

Keeping the cerulean slime hot (exposed to flame) keeps it from returning to its solid form, but this will prove difficult in the long run, particularly if the slime has been able to expand its size by eating—increasing its weight and accelerating the rate of freezing.

Armor 15, Movement 120', 6 Hit Dice, 37 hp, pseudopod 1d6, Morale 11. The cerulean slime's special attacks include freezing (as a solid, at room temperature; inflicts 1d4 per round of exposure) and if heated, and therefore liquid, its pseudopod inflicts 1d6+1d8 additional damage from boiling acid (saving throw negates).



Village: Forsgreave

Last night, a spinning whorl of stray magic shattered a door and struck a woman named Jocelyn, who was finishing the day's mending at her table. The enchantment, which looked like a diamond-skinned dancer pirouetting at incredible speed, collided with Jocelyn's body and knocked her from her chair. Though she was not injured and suffered no immediate ill effects, she felt estranged from herself. Too frightened to tell anyone what had happened, lest they brand her a witch like those women in Edington, she retired to her bed and prayed until sleep overtook her.

This morning, she awoke to find herself the only person left alive in Forsgreave. All seven families had been butchered by something inhuman. Hysterical with terror, she tried to flee the town, but fell and struck her head upon a stone. An hour later, a doctor who had recently attended to infirmities in Edington chanced to pass through Forsgreave and discovered both the slaughtered townsfolk and the injured Jocelyn. The doctor, Bartleigh, tended to her wounds to the best of his ability.

Currently, they're both hiding from the cats.

The coming of the cats of Forsgreave are announced by a low yowling. Infested with fleas, the cats nonetheless exhibit no sign of discomfort. They do not run, but instead walk carefully and deliberately towards their prey.

Armor 12, Movement 120', 1 Hit Die, 2 hp, bite 1d4, Morale 8. Traveling in packs of 2d6, the cats encircle their prey, but rather than scratch or bite they wait for the fleas (1d6 of whom are found on each cat) to bite the prey. Each time a flea bites, the victim must save vs. Paralyzation or be paralyzed from the waist down. Fearless and calm, the cats then approach the paralyzed victim and take turns biting him/her.

Jocelyn and Bartleigh (both 0-level humans, 2 hp and 7 hp, respectively) are hiding in the grain storage warehouse. They know that it's just a matter of time before the cats find them, but Jocelyn is too weak to move.

Bartleigh cleaned the wound, then applied a plaster of betony wood before spackling a thick layer of egg yolk and turpentine over Jocelyn's head injury. Just to be safe, he administered a hot clyster of rose honey and milk, and then gave her a strong purgative (resulting in a dozen bowel movements in the first three hours). Strangely, none of this is helping, and Bartleigh is at his wit's end.

Bartleigh, a man of soft skin, tender heart, and bulldog jowls, has never known true love. No woman has ever given him so much as a second glance. Jocelyn, however, has shown affection and gratitude for his ministrations, and for her he'll stride through the fires of Hell without a moment's hesitation. She's injured, and thus she needs him, which gives him a sense of strength and control.

Furthermore, he knows deep down that there's something amiss, and that gives him confidence; clearly, Jocelyn is damaged or sullied in some way, which makes it less likely that she's leave him for another. She will come to depend on him, he thinks, and thus he finally has a chance at true love. If anyone threatens or harms Jocelyn, Bartleigh will not rest until he's taken some form of vengeance (perhaps using her poison in clever ways). He may well venture into the wilderness, seeking one of those glowing spheres, hoping that it will confer upon him the necessary power to kill those who've injured his love.

If the adventurers search the abandoned village, they reach a timber-framed house, doors and windows locked and trapped. Inside, a widow, chained to her stove, appears to have died from blood loss. The killer chopped her feet off, then cauterized the injury, then sliced off an inch of ankle, then cauterized it, and so on; the murderer worked up the legs an inch at a time, slicing and burning, over what must have been a period of hours.

The murderer killed its victim, and then sealed the building from within, setting razor and needle traps poisoned with death cap powder to kill the unwary. It then crawled out through the narrow chimney, which an adventurer might be able to access if small enough.

If the adventurers follow a faint blood trail leading to the south of a nearby barn, they'll reach a fallow field where three men have been castrated, impaled on wooden spits, and roasted.

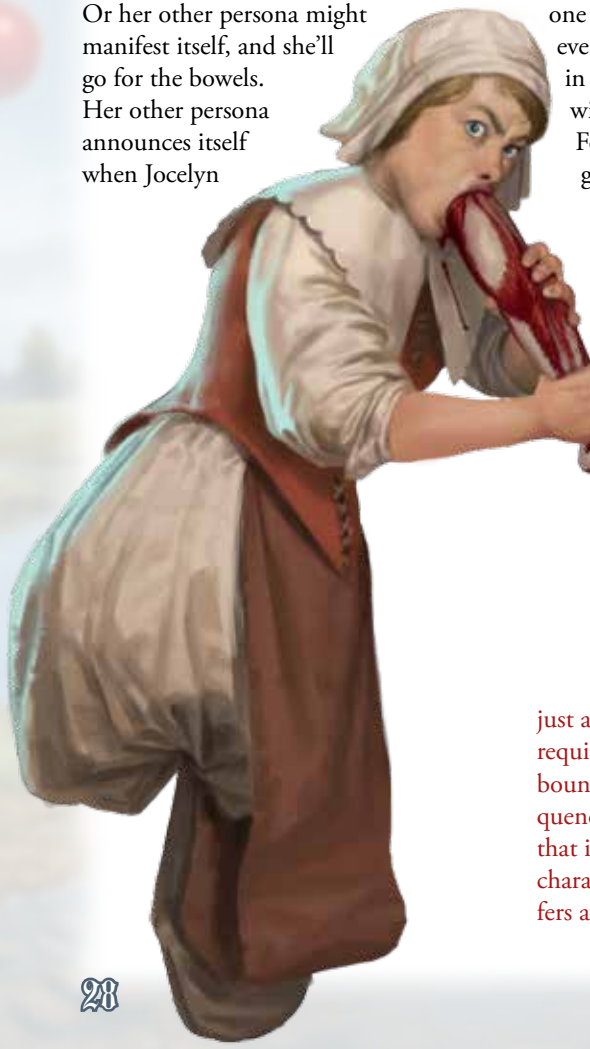
To the west of that field, the party finds three children hanging head down from the rafters of a nearby barn (which has also been padlocked, barricaded, and trapped from within). Their faces have been chewed away, and it seems that something with a proboscis or other long hard snout was able to suck their innards out through their necks.

Jocelyn, who has decided that she loves Bartleigh and wants to marry him, vaguely remembers that she murdered the 26 people of her village, but she refuses to accept it, believing it the stuff of nightmares.

She has squirreled away 120 silver, much of it taken from other villagers' corpses (though she'll never admit this to herself), and she will gladly use the money to hire the player characters as bodyguards to get her away from this evil place. Or, if she thinks they suspect her of the crimes, she may try to bribe one of them to let her go.

If she dislikes someone, she may use the highly toxic powdered death cap mushrooms in the pouch on her belt. Or her other persona might manifest itself, and she'll go for the bowels. Her other persona announces itself when Jocelyn pushes a hand into her mouth, clutches something deep within, and pulls herself inside-out. This other form, red and glistening, scuttles about on all fours. It's ravenous and intelligent—but it is a separate identity, and it is only peripherally aware of Jocelyn (and vice versa). This alternate persona is also much tougher than Jocelyn, and her head injury has not affected it in any way.

If the pink sphere comes down, and Jocelyn's situation has not been resolved one way or the other, then Bartleigh eventually makes his way to the priory in search of aid—even witchcraft will be welcome. Once he's left Forsgreave, Jocelyn transforms and give pursuit, hungry for fresh meat.



Armor 16, Movement 90', 4 Hit Dice, 17 hp, bite 1d8, Morale 9. Anyone who is bitten by Jocelyn must save vs. Magic or suddenly begin to entertain a Very Bad Idea. This dangerous and ill-advised idea, which must be described by a different player (not the one whose character got injured, and not the Referee) is more than just an urge: it's an absolute compulsion, requiring action, and even though it's bound to cause truly horrible consequences for the character, he/she knows that it has to be done. Each day that the character refuses to act on it, he/she suffers a permanent loss of 1 hp.

Pendle Moor

The moor is silent, and it smells of wet leaves.

A stray thought from Wadjet was misinterpreted by the Primogenitor, which did its best to bring her thoughts to life (being unable to differentiate between idle musings and fervent desires).

It constructed a mastaba, a flat-roofed, rectangular Egyptian tomb; the angled sides are constructed from bright green brick, which gives off a faint light. Atop the mastaba, on a pillow of violet silk, rests a golden crown. Thin and elegant, it is adorned with a Uraeus—a stylized cobra symbolizing the goddess Wadjet.

If the crown is worn, two things happen. Roll on each of the random tables below. After an effect has taken place, strike it from the list, as it can no longer be used. Once all effects have been used, the crown is merely a valuable item (worth about 900 silver) devoid of magical qualities.

Effects Bringing Some Manner of Prosperity

1. Can permanently switch a single attribute with that of another player's character (for example, exchanging a Strength score of 8 with someone else's Strength score of 15).

2. Wearer now knows a randomly-selected 6th level Magic-User spell, which can be used once and only once.

3. Can imbue someone with the wisdom of the ancients (in game terms, recipient gets a bonus of 500 XP; cannot be used on oneself); can only be performed once.

4. Immediately knows the precise location of significant treasure in a distant part of the world, and has some information about how to bypass the traps and dangers therein.

5. If killed in the next 24 hours, the wearer will immediately be resurrected (however, the character does not know that this rebirth will be complicated and horrific).

6. A skeletal horse, gobbets of flesh dangling from its broken ribs, appears. It serves the wearer of the crown in all ways for a period of 24 hours. After that, it does its utmost to kill anyone wearing the crown.

Effects Which May Inspire Great Woe and Regret

1. A bright red spot appears on one of the wearer's arms. This spot grows in size, covering the entire arm in a week, and the entire body in a month. When the victim's skin is completely crimson, the ground opens and the hosts of Mictlan arise to welcome their new plaything.

2. The Wheel of Fate spins the wrong way for this character: for the next three rolls, the player must roll two dice and choose the least desirable result. The outcome of any misfortune (a failed saving throw, for example) will be narrated by one of the other players, and the Referee incorporates this narration into the game.

3. A location is chosen at random (for example, the player may drop a coin or d4 onto a large map of the realm). At that place, unbeknownst to the character or the player, a doppelgänger of the crown's wearer appears. This duplicate has all the skills and memories of the character, but a diametrically opposed set of values. This doppelgänger knows that the character is at Caversdale, and proceeds there posthaste. Whether it's able to pick up the character's trail at that point is up to the Referee. If it can, this double will seek out, and murder or apprehend, the original because it cannot resist the compulsion to do so.

4. The person closest to the character (emotionally, such as a family member; or professionally, such as a mentor or senior officer) appears in a vision. The character can see this person in the grip of a torture device known as the Iron Apega, a construct designed to look like a woman, complete with garments and fake hair. The Iron Apega clutches the victim in metal arms studded with nails, razors, and needles, producing significant injury which only intensifies as this person struggles to escape. The ear-piercing screams fade to black, and the character has no idea whether this has actually happened, or if it was merely a hallucination. The Referee may answer this question by choosing, or by rolling a die; in any case, it requires investigation on the player character's part to find out what's actually going on.

5. Two random extremities (counting both arms, legs, and the head) of the crown's wearer irrevocably switch places.

6. All silver in the world is immediately transformed into lead. The player characters may not be aware of this at first, as lead coins are only slightly heavier than silver coins. Once they actually examine any coins, of course, they'll discover that they're no longer carrying silver (gold and other precious metals remain unaffected). Over time, the characters discover that this is a global phenomenon, but they might not associate this with the use of the crown unless something made of silver is in plain view when this effect takes place.

If the crown is given to Wadjet, or one of the other Bishops, it is likely that this will be received quite well and an appropriate gift will be given in exchange.

The mastaba is home to the emerald fungus, a green amorphid which blends in with the brick of the tomb.

Armor 14, Movement 30', 2 Hit Dice, 9 hp, bile 1d6+special, Morale 11.

The emerald fungus attacks with a glistening pseudopod; damage is 1d6, and the victim must save vs. Magic or else the fungus feeds on a randomly-selected memory (its secondary source of sustenance). If a player fails the saving throw after being struck, roll 1d4 and have the player describe the following:

1. A safe place, such as a home or a fortress
2. A great asset, such as an enchanted weapon or book of spells
3. A locale that will (hopefully) be visited one day
4. An ally not currently with the group (a helpful NPC, in other words)

Immediately, all recollection of the aforementioned is stricken from the character's memory. Worse, the entity itself (be it a person or a sword or a location) is destroyed by sickness, sorcery or by some other means.

If the player describes a sword, it turns to rust and disintegrates. If the player describes a mentor, then that individual keels over dead. The characters (and players) may well remain unaware of this for some time.

The other characters will still remember the entity in question, but to the player character affected by the fungus it will be as though this sword, person, or what-have-you never existed.

If the player doesn't cooperate, try a sharp rap across the knuckles with a wooden ruler, or ask another player to furnish the details instead. Most players are savages, and will turn on one another like crabs in the proverbial pot.

Entering the mastaba (which is trapped with a coil-driven brick that smashes into the skull of any grave-robber unless disarmed; 1d12 damage), the players encounter a vertical shaft leading to a small room. There, on a pillow of black velvet, they'll find a woman's finger. It's been cut and cauterized, and is nine inches long (it has seven knuckles). The fingernail has been painted black, and if anyone studies it, they'll see stars whirling through a tiny cosmos, as though this painted fingernail were a window to the Heavens—which, in a way, it is. The first person to gaze through this window for any length of time (longer than a quick glance) receives a permanent Wisdom boost of 1 point, and will understand the truth of the Progenitor, and when in close proximity with its dark-smoke avatar in this world, he/she may even be able to sense its intentions from time to time.

The Priory

When a crimson sphere is brought to the priory, the pink sphere surrounding it dissipates, as described elsewhere. This phenomenon can be observed for some distance, so it is likely that within two hours, a group of villagers from Edington arrives, led by Kyrkwode (if he is still alive).

Within its walls, the priory itself consists of an infirmary, cloister, stable, balneary, pigsties, and church (there were other structures, such as living quarters, but these have burned to the ground).

Near the entrance to the priory, a warning has been carved into the stone:

If you are a friend, we are your misericord;
If you are a foe, we'll be your misericorde.

When the player characters bring down the pink sphere surrounding the priory, it's likely that other characters will begin to make their way there as well (unless they've been killed or dealt with in some way). Kyrkwode brings a torch-and-pitchforks mob of 0 level peasants (12 men and 6 boys) with him in search of new witches to kill; Bartleigh arrives looking for help, followed by Jocelyn in her other guise; and Anna Pfahlert clambers along the priory wall, searching for fresh meat. To determine which location they visit, roll 1d6:

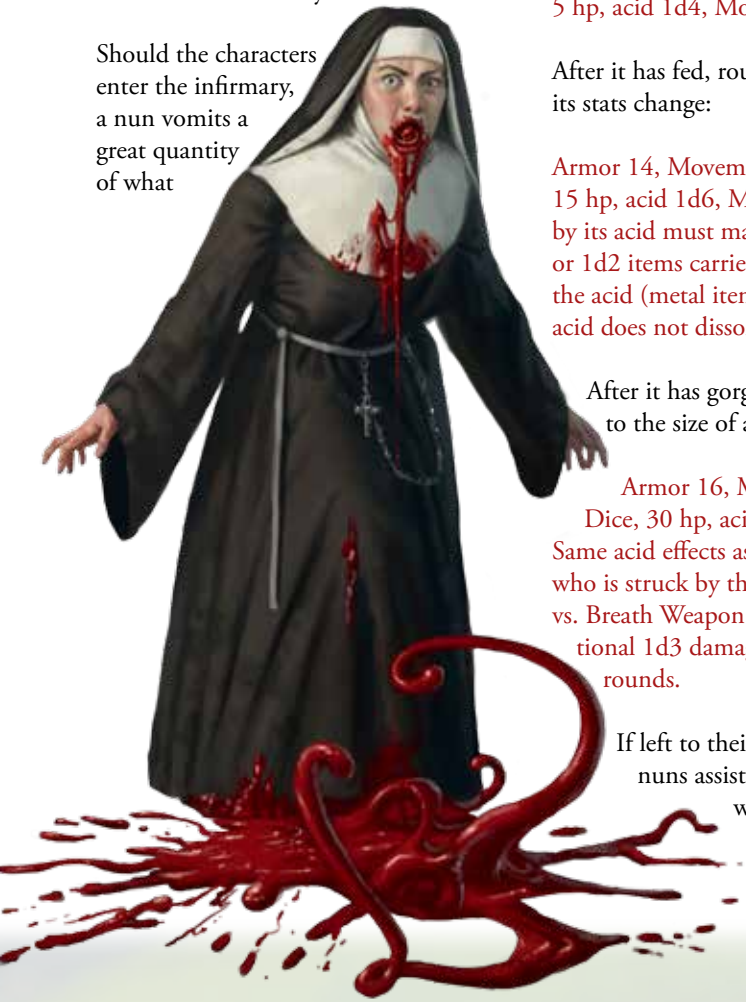
1. Infirmary
2. Cloister
3. Stable
4. Balneary
5. Pigsties
6. Church

What these persons/entities do upon arriving is up to you, depending on what the players have done. For example, if the players have already visited the balneary, and saw Sir Latimer emerging, then when Anna Pfahlert arrived she would find nothing but a decapitated corpse, which she would then start to eat. If Bartleigh arrives in the pigsties before the players do, then he may well find the people imprisoned there, and set them free, possibly with disastrous consequences for all parties (especially if Bartleigh's lady love makes an appearance). If Anna and Bartleigh both enter the cloister at the same time, she'll devour him, then clamber onto a rooftop to survey the area for other prey.

Infirmary

The coppery tang of blood hangs thick in the air within the infirmary. On rough beds, nuns and peasants scream their way through labor, giving birth and then rising to help other women through the same process.

Each woman gives birth to a girl, a silent child with neither hands nor feet, but a full set of teeth. These newborns sit, impassive and alert, in wicker baskets at the foot of each bed. They're all identical.



Should the characters enter the infirmary, a nun vomits a great quantity of what appears to be blood; however, it is actually scarlet bile, a fast-moving amorphid.

"Don't kill it!" she screams.

The scarlet bile attempts to escape the room, and makes for the cloister, attracted by the smell of sausage. After that, it slithers to the stables, drawn by the smell of horseflesh. If allowed to feed, it grows, and it rapidly progresses from pest to threat.

Armor 12, Movement 30', 1 Hit Die, 5 hp, acid 1d4, Morale 11.

After it has fed, roughly doubling in size, its stats change:

Armor 14, Movement 60', 3 Hit Dice, 15 hp, acid 1d6, Morale 11. Anyone hit by its acid must make a Dexterity check, or 1d2 items carried will be destroyed by the acid (metal items are exempt, as the acid does not dissolve metal).

After it has gorged itself, and grown to the size of a large dog:

Armor 16, Movement 90', 6 Hit Dice, 30 hp, acid 1d8, Morale 12. Same acid effects as above, plus anyone who is struck by the acid must save vs. Breath Weapon or take an additional 1d3 damage each round for 1d3 rounds.

If left to their own devices, the nuns assist with the birthing, wiping the babies clean, swaddling them in makeshift

clothing, and tending to the mothers. All of the women in the infirmary have chosen to stand with Woolcott, and willingly participated in the Great Dance so that they might bear children marked by Terpsichore.

What they don't know is that the Primogenitor tried (and failed) to give them what they wanted: children that would usher in a new age of enlightenment. Instead, it has impregnated them with malformed beings that will, decades from now, seek to exterminate all males (of all species).

The dozen women in the infirmary are not interested in anything but caring for each other and the newborns, and unless there is a threat to the aforementioned, they will not pay much attention to the adventurers.

Cloister

The cloister, an open area surrounded by four covered walkways, is adjacent to the church, and shares one wall with it. A table has been placed at the center and covered with a linen tablecloth. Olives and bread are piled into silver bowls next to decanters brimming with wine and sherry.

As characters cross the walkways, one of them (chosen at random) sees people staggering through wreckage, their bodies hideously burned, screaming through toothless maws. In the distance, a great floating palace of crystal hovers above the trees, shot through with veins of red liquid that give the palace a pink hue.

The character will not be certain that this is a vision of the future, though this is obviously one possibility that the players might entertain.

In the cloister, a mannequin made of sausage loops has been stuffed into a hoodedrobe, a mitre sat upon its head of bloody horsemeat. Nailed to the chest is a note, written by Richard Grey: "That the church should remain silent in the face of perfidious undulation of the body, its rhythms and form displayed like so much meat, is a disgrace to the sanctity of this edifice; for is it not our burden to ensure that all, even those in remote country parishes, are taught the wisdom of circumspection and modesty? Shall we not lash and imprison those who would seek to jeopardize the souls of the unwary by demonstrating for them lascivious motions which inspire idle action, frivolity, and turpitude?"

The note is smeared with mud and stamped with a pig's hoof.

The first person to consume any of the food will feel slightly lucky. This luck has an expiration date: the next time the player makes a roll of any kind, two dice are rolled, and the player selects the most favorable result (or, if rolling multiple dice, rolls twice the usual number and chooses the best results). This only happens once.

Stables

Within, adventurers find the remains of three horses, all of which tore themselves apart when the sphere manifested.

Should the scarlet bile (see the Infirmary for more information) reach this place, it gorges itself on horsemeat, growing in size and becoming a significant threat.

Balneary

Within the balneary, thick wool curtains separate the wooden washtubs. A severed head rests in the dormant fireplace, cut off mid-mouth, upper teeth sinking into grey ashes. The rest of the body is in a large cauldron once used to heat water; it's now occupied by the headless corpse and a growing quantity of lukewarm blood and postmortem defecation.

As the adventurers near the balneary, Sir Hadrian Latimer steps out. Blood drips from his pristine white armor and his mammoth two-handed sword. He has just killed a peasant who'd been hiding in the balneary during the chaos. Sir Latimer will fight any man who accepts his challenge (peasants, of course, are exempt from the rules of combat, and are executed on sight if found away from their masters' lands). However, Sir Latimer will die before he raises a hand against a lady of any standing.

He has become obsessed with Orelia Woolcott, and anyone who even hints of threats against her will be attacked immediately—unless the speaker is female, of course. Latimer is currently looking for Richard Grey, whom he means to cut in half.

Beneath the horned helm, Sir Latimer's once-handsome features have been marred by several blades. He speaks slowly and deliberately, and is unfailingly polite, even to those whom he detests. Latimer wears a pale blue ribbon about his arm, a gift from Woolcott, who sees some use in him; it pulses with a strange light.

Armor 18, Movement 90', 5th level Fighter, 32 hp, two-handed sword 1d10, Morale 12

"When not occupied with hastilude and errantry, I devote myself to the service of women like Orelia Woolcott, who has suffered no small degree of misfortune. I should know your business at this priory before I speak further."

On his person, Latimer carries a sheaf of pages he took from a dying courier some weeks ago. These handwritten pages contain George Percy's true relation of events at the Jamestown settlement in Virginia. The manuscript was stolen from Percy's home, and was to be delivered to a foreign agent, who was planning to use the testimony to embarrass the Crown. However, the courier fell sick and died whilst on the road, and was discovered by Sir Latimer, who could only comfort the man as he passed away. Latimer then took the pages, read them, and realized that malfeasance was afoot. He intends to protect England by delivering the manuscript back to Percy. Should Latimer suffer a grievous injury, or anticipate his death, he presses the pages into someone's hand and demands that they carry out his mission.

Delivering the pages will earn a reward from Percy or from the enemies of England. The latter will pay more.

Now all of us att James Towne besinneinge to feele the sharpe pricke of hunger which noe man trewly descrybe butt he which hathe Tasted the bitternesse thereof. A worlde of miseries ensewed as the Sequell will expresse unto yow, in so mutche thatt some to satisfye their hunger have Robbed the store for the which I Caused them to be executed.

Then haveinge fedd upour horses and other beastes as longe as they Lasted, we weare gladd to make shifte with vermin as dogss Catts Ratts and myce all was fishe thatt Came to Nett to satisfye Crewell hunger, as to eate Bootes shoes or any other leather some Colde come by and those beinge Spente and devoured some weare inforced to searche the woodes and to feede upon Serpentts and snakes and to digge the earthe for wylde and unknowne Rootes, where many of our men weare Cutt of and slayne by the Salvages.

And now famin besinneinge to Looke gastely and pale in every face, thatt notheinge was Spared to mainteyne Lyfe and to doe those things which seame incredible, as to digge upp deade corpes outt of graves and to eate them. And some have Licked upp the Bloode which hathe fallen from their weake fellowes. And amongste the reste this was moste lamentable.

Thatt one of our Colline murdered his wyfe Ripped the Childe outt of her woambe and threwe itt into the River and after Chopped the Mother in pieces and sallted her for his foode, The same not beinge discovered before he had eaten parte thereof. For the which Crewell and unhumane factt I adjudged him to be executed the acknowledgment of the dede beinge inforced from him by torture haveinge hunge by the Thumbes with weightes att his feete a quarter of an howere before he wolde Confesse the same.

EXCERPT FROM GEORGE PERCY'S "A TREWE RELAYCON" (1625)

Pigsties

Nude, chained, and smeared with feces, Charles and Gwendolyn are clearly at a low point in their marriage.

As the characters near the pigsties, they see a man and a woman, their bodies fused together by magic, folds and strips of skin binding them at the hip, his left leg and her right leg welded into a single limb; they have but two hands between them, for two of their arms are joined together at the elbow, with neither forearm nor hand. Their heads are similarly connected, and so they are face to face, sharing an eye, though they have two mouths, which scream imprecations constantly.

Charles and Gwendolyn hate each other fiercely. As they're discovered, Gwendolyn is using her available arm to smear pig dung into Charles' face, which she's already scratched horribly.

If she sees the player characters, she will beg to be set free. She explains that Sir Latimer means to try to divide her from her husband, that he might kill Charles. Though she is not a physician, Gwendolyn suspects that this medical procedure might not be the best approach to her affliction.

Gwendolyn knows where the treasure is (the attic), and she's not afraid to use this as a bargaining chip in order to secure her release (and, by default, that of her husband):

"That White Knight, he's just like all his kind—a murderous whore-son with less honor in his body than I've got in my arse-pimple. If you kill that cunt, I'll tell you where the treasure's at. But you'd best hurry, because he said he had to think on whether to divide us with that great fucking sword of his, and I doubt that'll go so well for old Gwendolyn. If he dispatches me, I take the location of the treasure with me to the Ivory Gates, and you'll have nothing but the shit on your boots."

If the player characters do not save Charles and Gwendolyn, Sir Latimer divides them with his sword, then hangs Charles on a metal hook and guts him like a pig. Gwendolyn will be wrapped in a blanket and carried to the infirmary, where she'll die in agony.

If she's rescued, taken to a safe place, or assisted in any significant way, Gwendolyn will tell the characters about the attic, and how to reach it. She'll exhort the player characters to find and kill Woolcott, and she'll give them warnings about the Bishops and the two attendants in the church.

If the players are hostile, contemptuous, or merely indifferent, Charles loses his temper. He is incapable of speech (and thus lets his wife do the talking) because of the vast appendage inside his body. In lieu of a tongue—or larynx, or esophagus, or bowels—a three-inch-thick phallus of bright pink tissue coils about in his belly, and can snake out to a distance of 20 feet.

Armor 12, Movement 90', 3 Hit Dice, 14 hp, tongue 1d3+special, Morale 10.

Anyone struck by this glistening member must make a saving throw vs. Magic or suffer a heinous vision (in addition to the damage sustained). To witness one of these visions is to suffer a penalty of -3 on the next roll, whatever it might be. To the player, these appear real; the first two take place wherever the players happen to be—and then, after a few seconds, the vision is over, and all is as it was. The last two may well be interpreted by the player as events that will someday transpire. Since these are actually glimpses into other realities, and not illusions or precognition of things that are to come, character belief and disbelief are irrelevant.

1. A player character (not the one experiencing the vision) casually leans over and hacks off another's face, then stuffs it into his/her mouth.

2. A player character (not the one experiencing the vision)

disrobes and squats down; something small and shiny pushes its way out of his/her mangled pelvis.

3. A man sobs hoarsely in a dark room. On the bed, a sweaty woman cradles two newborns. A shrouded figure appears in the doorway: someone wearing the beaked mask of a plague doctor. The man pries one of the screaming babies from the woman's grasp and hands it to the masked person, who places some silver coins in the father's hand. The player character experiencing this vision knows that he/she is one of these five people, but which one?

4. The character wakes up in a large soft bed. He/she is wrapped in spider silk, cocooned and warm. A large man (at least 9 feet tall) enters the room. He is nude, and completely pink, with the physical features of a fetus: large belly and cranium, thin arms and legs. Scars crisscross his body; the scar tissue is thick and bright yellow. There is no hair on his body. He carefully picks you up, carries you down a set of stairs into a root cellar, and tucks you into a small compartment. As he carefully closes the door, sealing you into darkness, he murmurs, "Sleep now, little one. You are my third."

Notes: These visions are not repeated. Once a character has suffered a vision, it cannot be experienced again, even by another player. After all 4 have been used up, the Referee is welcome to invent new ones.

Church

Due to the reality-warping magics being practiced within, the walls of the church are moist and greasy. They are also extremely flammable. Any open flame brought against the bricks sets them ablaze, and if not dealt with (any number of standard methods will extinguish the flames) the fire spreads to the rest of the church in minutes.

Outside the church, broken pews are stacked against the wall or piled about the grounds. If anyone searches the pews, he'll find the skull of Grimald, a 9th-century abbot who was killed at his altar by Vikings. Though it's not treasure, per se, the right buyer might see it as quite valuable.

The church itself, constructed almost entirely of materials salvaged from Roman ruins, has been taken over by Woolcott and her followers. To enter it is to step into a whirlwind of activity as laughing nuns and peasant women rush to and fro, bringing in food, water, fresh stockings, and clean costumes. They may gawk at the adventurers, but won't have time to chat unless they're somehow compelled—which will bring Woolcott's attention soon enough.

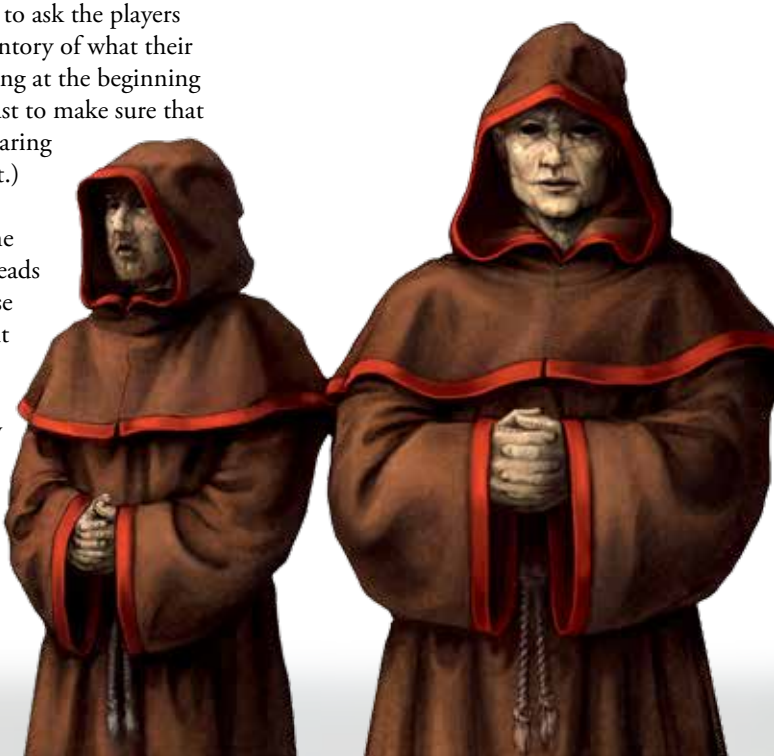
Beyond that, the nave has been cleared of all pews—they've been torn up, hacked into boards, and nailed back down in the shape of a huge platform filling up most of the church.

Past the nave, the altar is covered in refreshments: stewed mutton, bread, herring and mackerel, figs, wine, and beer. Under the tablecloth, the compartment in the altar where ritual materials would usually kept is now stuffed with precious gemstones: a pearl worth 500 silver, and an emerald worth 1000. The emerald is cursed; for a period of 1d6 hours after touching it, the victim suffers a curse: any skin contact with other living organic matter (plants, animals, people) causes both parties to meld together at the point of contact. If the character rests his/her hand on a tree, the skin and bark will fuse. If the character catches a fish, the skin and scales will merge. Naturally, an infusion of tree sap or fish blood into the character's blood stream will cause difficulties. Any type of glove, garment, or armor which prevents skin contact will shield the character from this effect. (It's best to ask the players for a complete inventory of what their characters are wearing at the beginning of the adventure, just to make sure that you know who's wearing gloves and who isn't.)

On either side of the altar, a small door leads to a circular staircase up which one might access the attic. At the top of each staircase, just below the attic trapdoor, someone has etched the word "Problema."

Above, some of the Bishops watch from the balcony. Should the player characters enter the church and disturb the dancers in any way, the Bishops immediately engage (or even attack) the player characters. If the players simply observe, they may be approached by Woolcott or one of the Bishops, as they will be curious about the player characters.

To each side of the nave, in the transept, a hooded man waits silently. These two men are actually nothing more than animated skins—Woolcott tracked down and killed two witch-hunters, then flayed them and animated their skins (tossing their muscles, bones, and organs into the gutter). Though hollow, these attendants are quite strong, and serve Woolcott unto death.



Armor 12, Movement 90', 3 Hit Dice, 14 hp, sword 1d6, Morale 9. They take half damage from edged weapons.

On the stage, the dancers whirl. Dozens of women dance to music whose source cannot be discerned (as it emanates from the Progenitor, whose smoky form is near Woolcott).

Their movements are difficult to ascertain, as their bodies seem to blur and ripple upon the stage. On and on they dance, turning to the gavotte, leaping to the lavolta, and stepping nimbly across the room to a galliard.

After a woman dances for a few hours, she becomes pregnant, and is taken to the infirmary to give birth. As each does so, another takes her place.

If the ritual hasn't concluded and the number of women dancing drops below 12, the ritual is interrupted (see below), and dreadful things will happen. Should this appear to be a likelihood, Woolcott and the Bishops will join the dance. If that's not enough, they will exhort any female player characters to join them on stage. Male characters are ordered to stay off the stage, as their presence will jeopardize the ritual. If any male joins the dance, the ritual is interrupted; Woolcott and her Bishops will do anything to prevent this.

Any female character who takes the stage must make a Dexterity check for every hour that she dances. She receives a bonus of +1 for each year that she has spent learning to dance. Failure means that a randomly-selected limb is shattered (1d3 damage, and a -1 to initiative and armor class).

If there is violence in or near the church, the peasants and nuns scatter, but Woolcott and her Bishops seize high ground (the belltower, rooftops, balcony) and attack with ranged weapons and spells. In the meantime, Woolcott's two attendants fight on the ground.

The ritual must be completed—at least a dozen dancers must remain on stage, in motion, for the entire 24 hours—or else calamity will befall all persons in the church.

If the Ritual is Completed

The world is ever changed and Woolcott—now insanely powerful—is the architect of a new order. Over the months and years that follow, kings will fall, churches will burn, and new laws will be enacted. The poor will be fed, the nobility will see their wealth confiscated, and adventurers will have their hands full collecting bounties on fleeing barons and dukes (not to mention hired expeditions into the uncharted frontier). Exhausted, the Progenitor will withdraw to its own dimension, having imbued Woolcott and her Bishops with a fraction of its power (boosting their levels, hit points, and spells/abilities significantly—particularly Woolcott—making them some of the most powerful people on the planet).

If the Ritual is Not Completed

With a deafening thunderclap, the church collapses. Wild bursts of whirling sorcery carve a bloody swath through the dancers, flinging severed limbs and mangled torsos in all directions. Any player character in that church must save vs. Breath Weapon or lose a randomly-selected limb (roll 1d4). As the church crumbles, a torch or lamp hits the stone, which bursts into flame. Woolcott collapses, blood streaming from her nose and mouth, and the surviving Bishops flee. Any NPCs that the players have formed any kind of relationship with (camaraderie or antagonism) will either be torn apart, or will behave in a spectacularly cowardly manner, abandoning others to be shredded by spirals of wild magic. All persons known to have participated in the Caversdale Massacre will be pursued by agents of the law. The Progenitor will retreat to its own plane of existence, bewildered. Life will go on.

Attic

Around the coils of thick rope beneath the church bell, three women loll about on thick wool pillows, chatting gaily. These are peasant girls who've been dallying with Richard Grey since he came to Caversdale. In a dark corner, Grey sulks and picks at his warts.

When Woolcott threw the abbot out and took over the priory, these girls went with Grey into the woods. He told them that he'd found a way to punish that witch and her coven. In reality, he'd found a *Torsion Crystal*, an enchanted item inadvertently wrought by the Primogenitor; when Grey tried to pick it up, it unleashed spirals and whorls of rapidly-spinning magic, which twisted his body (and the bodies of his mistresses) quite horribly. They were killed instantly.

The Primogenitor, vaguely aware that something had gone wrong, tried to reassemble the quartet, and it breathed new life into their bodies. Around this time, Woolcott's dance began, and so the Primogenitor hastily wrapped up its work and devoted its attention (the fragment that it could spare) to trying to understand what Woolcott was doing. The work was incomplete, but at least the four of them were alive. Thus, Grey and his women are malformed in appearance. He knows it, but the three women are blissfully unaware.

Four years ago, Richard Grey, Abbot of Brownwall, left his abbey and journeyed to Caversdale. There, he appointed himself the head of Caversdale Priory; despite admonitions against it, he tore down the boards which had been nailed over the doors and windows, and he summoned local villagers to attend. The priory had been given to the local Earl after its surrender in July of 1539, but when Grey began to hold services there once more he was wise enough to pay the Earl a handsome amount of silver to turn a blind eye. Charismatic, pious, and kind, Grey was a powerful speaker and a strong-willed leader.

Now, transformed by the Primogenitor's magic, Grey is deformed, hideous, and filled with rage; his skin is covered in sores and buboes, and his swollen bluish

face is unrecognizable. A troll with several layers of muscle and sloppily-arranged bones (two skeletons' worth, crammed in at strange angles), he glowers and seethes, lamenting his misfortunes, which he lays at Woolcott's feet.

He's been told to stay in the attic above the priory with his pornography and his mistresses. Woolcott hasn't decided what to do with him yet. As the ritual progresses, Grey becomes impatient, and he may descend the ladder and attack the dancers and the Bishops. If anyone talks to his mistresses, he becomes angry, and if they're touched, or if their treasures are taken, he becomes violent. The same goes for his own engravings.

Armor 14, Movement 60',
6 Hit Dice, 36 hp,
claws 1d8, Morale 7.

The pornography collection, hanging on the attic walls, contains several unknown originals by Marcantonio Raimondi (d. 1534), which Pope Clement VII could not ferret out and burn. Depending on the buyer, these 11 engravings are worth somewhere between 300 and 600 silver pieces each (roll 1d4+2, multiply by 100). For the most part, they're images of coitus, though there's one that depicts the artist himself giving birth to a foot-long eel (this one's worth about 800 silver).

The three maidens (all 0-level humans), nude and rose-scented, are quite cheerful because the Primogenitor has removed that aspect of consciousness which might raise alarm at the changes which have been made to their bodies.

Ernestina's legs were slashed at the knee and ankle, and her arms were twisted off at the shoulder. At this time, the Primogenitor was still attempting to comprehend human anatomy, and so it attached Ernestina's feet at the knees, and put her lower legs at her shoulders, then attached her arms to her shins. As a result, her kneeless legs are half as long as they ought to be, and her arms are now 16 inches longer than they were. Her method of locomotion has changed somewhat.

Nellwyn's arms and legs were so damaged that the Progenitor was unable to do much with them, and so they were amputated and discarded; now her hands wave and wiggle at her shoulders, and her feet are attached to her hips.

Faith was disemboweled by a sorcerous eddy that hollowed her out like a trough; in haste, the Progenitor packed it full of fruit, which Faith constantly has to pick up and tuck back into her skinless front; with an oval-shaped hollow where her breasts and belly ought to be, she appears as some demented living cornucopia.

Each of the maidens toys with a bit of treasure, taken from the priory vaults by Orelia and given to the women to keep them content until the ritual's over. The girls aren't particularly interested in treasure, and will happily give their pieces over, but Grey will become violent if anyone accepts such gifts.

Ernestina, who loved fine raiment, fingers a bit of Anglo-Saxon jewelry: a silver-gilt radiated brooch adorned with amethysts. It's worth over 1200 silver to the right buyer (though a grifter, or someone who simply doesn't appreciate the craftsmanship, might offer something like 800 silver).

Nellwyn, who enjoyed revelry and drink, runs her toe along a silver-mounted drinking horn etched with runes and encrusted with blood-red garnets. It's fake, and worthless, but she has squirreled away a pouch with 839 silver pieces in it—she may be persuaded to give this over if asked nicely (and presented with a convincing reason).

Faith, who loved fornication far more than the other two (or even the abbot), fiddles with an ornamental godemiché of pure gold. It's worth about 800 silver.

In the center of the attic's western wall the brick is distorted, like melted candle wax through which one has punched a hole. Above it, someone has carved the words GAZE NOT.

If a player character looks into the hole, he/she will immediately be transported to an ice floe in the middle of a vast ocean of still black water. For a thousand years, the floe drifts. Each time the character dies, from exposure or drowning, he/she will re-awaken to find him/herself still on the ice floe. After several hundred

years, a faint glow appears on the horizon. A few hundred years later, the character can identify individual lights.

A thousand years after embarking on this soul-numbing voyage, the character reaches the frost-rimed kingdom of the Limned, a race of radiant beings who live in a world of utter silence and beauty. In this moment, enlightenment is attained. The character must then decide: return home, or step from the ice floe onto the snow-covered rocks of the coastline and become one of the Limned. If the former is chosen, the character looks away from the hole in the wall and realizes that only a few moments have passed. If the latter is chosen, the character vanishes and is no longer a player character. To the other adventurers it will be as if the character simply vanished, and no trace will ever be found of them.

The same distortion is found in the eastern wall, and again someone has carved the words GAZE NOT into the brick.

If a player character looks into the hole, please read the following (or something like it) to the player:

"Across a vast gulf, you can see it coming towards you: a black wave as wide as the horizon, cascading slowly. This tide is no liquid; it is the corporeal sentiment of a race of phosphorus-based beings from a distant part of the heavens, whose senses became so perfectly honed that they could feel the emotions of other beings, even from a great distance. Over time, their perception evolved, and they were unable to shut out the pain. To keep from descending into madness

(or so they thought), they constructed enormous vessels, and over the millennia they traveled through their cosmos, eradicating all life, silencing the screams. After aeons, their work was done, but in that perfect stillness their remorse blossomed, and became so powerful that it overtook the organoleptic sensors in their zettatech omnicide mechs. Their grief and shame became tangible; worse, it was sentient. After it devoured these beings, it scoured their universe in search of another host. Finding none, it has discovered a rift between realities. It can see you. This wave of guilt is moving towards you, and your perception has become a homing beacon."

The player character somehow understands all of this, and also knows that because of that momentary glimpse, this corporeal sentiment can now cross the bridge between worlds:

1. in 1d100 seconds
2. in 1d20 minutes
3. in 2d4 hours
4. in 1d3 days

The only way to change this is to stop Woolcott's ritual, which delays the arrival by 1d100 years.

THE END

Tract of Teratology

The *Tract of Teratology* is a leather-bound text which is discovered at the Referee's discretion (for example, in the attic, or in the possession of one of the Bishops).

This ordinary-looking manuscript details the means by which a Magic-User may summon an otherworldly entity and bind it to his/her service. The caster may be aided by up to 5 other participants. For the purposes of this description, we will refer to a single "caster." The additional participants can be of any class (they don't have to be Magic-Users).

There are dozens (perhaps even hundreds) of such *Tracts*, and each contains different material. The player must roll to determine the necessary components, the nature of the conjured entity, and so on. The player rolls percentile dice, then adds the combined number of levels and Intelligence modifiers for the 1-6 characters who are participating in the ritual. The Referee will note the results.

The players will immediately know the results of some of their rolls (for example, the Ritual Type and Components), but the Referee may choose to keep other results a secret until later. For instance, the Referee may not wish the players to know the monster's appearance until it is summoned. The entity's Penalties might be kept a secret until they are incurred. Or the Referee may divulge all results as they are rolled. This is all left to the Referee's discretion.

After a *Tract* is used, and a creature is summoned, the *Tract* is no longer usable; it disintegrates, and attempts to replicate the ritual will have no result. Additional *Tracts* may be discovered; for each one, results must be rolled anew.

For every one of the following sections (Ritual Type, Components, and so forth), the player must roll percentile dice, add the caster's level, add the levels for all of the other characters who are helping the caster, and add all Intelligence modifiers for the characters. The higher the player's roll, the more beneficial the outcome. A natural 01 roll is always treated as an 01, regardless of how many bonuses there are; a natural 100 is always treated as such, regardless of how many penalties the caster has accrued.

Overview

Ritual Type - In this section, the tome describes the nature of the ritual. In each case, a human victim (either known to the caster, or a complete stranger, it makes no difference) must be killed in a specific manner. Care must be taken that the necessary components (the victim's body parts, for example) are not damaged. If they are, and the casters proceed, then subtract 1d20 from each subsequent roll.

Components - Here, the text explains which components must be procured and added to the body parts of the murdered victim. Some of these components will be costlier than others; in general, the higher the roll, the lower the cost of the items. If the components are insufficient (for example, using silver coins instead of a bar of silver), then subtract 1d20 from each subsequent roll.

Body - This section provides a basic description of the monster's frame.

Appendages - These additional limbs or organs may provide the creature with bonuses or penalties. As before, high rolls are preferable.

Scent - Because the olfactory bulb is part of the limbic system, the part of the brain associated with memory and feeling, a list of scents has been provided. The creature may exude a pleasant aroma, or it may emit a heinous reek of putrefaction. Either way, its odor will render it far more memorable.

Personality - This section describes the monster's disposition towards the caster. It may be affectionate, or it may be filled with hate (and serve only because it must).

Hit Points, Armor, Attacks, Damage, Movement, Morale - Self-explanatory.

Abilities - These are bestowed upon the monster and the caster(s), and remain in effect as long as the creature is alive. Spells learned by the caster(s) are treated like ordinary

spells, except that they can be cast by any character, regardless of class. These spells are forgotten once the creature is gone. Bonuses are cumulative.

Compulsions - Entities summoned by the *Tract of Teratology* are compelled to perform specific actions each day. If the entity does not satisfy its Compulsion on a daily basis, it can no longer access its powers, and its caster (or casters, if there were more than one) will suffer Penalties.

Proximity - Some entities must satisfy their Compulsions by themselves, without assistance. Others will allow their casters to help, and yet others will permit casters to do the dirty work instead. For example, an entity that must feed on the flesh of murderers may allow the casters to do it instead, while the monster watches; it may even allow them to do it while it waits elsewhere, then return to describe the event to the monster, which is happy to experience this satisfaction vicariously.

Penalties - During each 24-hour period, the entity's Compulsion must be satisfied to the Referee's satisfaction. If not, then the player must roll on the Penalties table, and all casters who were present at the the ritual will suffer the ill effects described there.

Duration - The number of days that the entity will remain in this world before returning to its own (at which point the player must roll on the Aftermath table).

Aftermath - When the Duration has elapsed, the monster will disappear, based on the results of this table.

RITUAL TYPE

01-10	*Dehydration*: The victim must be restrained and denied water, which may necessitate a wait of 2 or 3 days. During this time, the victim may try to escape, or to call for help; steps must be taken.
11-25	*The Wheel*: A victim is lashed to a wheel and beaten with a cudgel or hammer, so that the gaps in the wheel allow the limbs to break. This process takes 1-2 hours, and is very noisy. A large wheel is required.
26-40	*Cautious Slicing*: the body is tied to a wooden frame, and flesh is cut from the body in multiple slices. This execution takes 1-2 hours, and is very noisy. A wooden frame is required.
41-55	*Boiled Alive*: A large cauldron is filled with oil or water and brought to a boil. The victim is slowly lowered into the liquid. This requires at least 1 hour, and is noisy. A cauldron is required, as is some way to lower the victim into it.
56-70	*Blood Eagle*: The victim's ribs are cut and broken near the spine, then pulled out so that they resemble wings. The lungs are tugged out through the wounds in the victim's back. This process takes 30-60 minutes, and is quite noisy.
71-80	*Hung and Cut*: The victim is hung upside down and sawed in half vertically; this method takes a good 30 minutes, and is noisy.
81-90	*Stabbed*: The victim is pierced with several blades, and must be stabbed at least once by each caster prior to succumbing to injury (meaning that if the first stab is fatal, then the other participants are unable to contribute to the death, and the ritual must be started over). This execution only takes a few moments, but can produce a degree of commotion.
91-100	*Poison*: After the victim ingests poison and dies, the ritual is complete, which means that this part of the ritual could conceivably be completed in public, in short order, without attracting much attention at all.

COMPONENTS

01-15	A sapphire, a ruby, and the victim's most prized possession.
16-30	A bar of silver (worth 200 sp) and the victim's kidneys.
31-40	Three longspoons of white crystalline arsenic and the victim's esophagus.
41-50	Two scruples of ambergris and the victim's feet.
51-60	An ounce of aloe succotrina and the victim's fingernails.
61-70	Six grams of gentian and tormentil plus the victim's scalp.
71-80	Three drams of root of dittany and the victim's eyes.
81-90	Ten grains of musk dissolved in rosewater plus the victim's spinal column.
91-100	A handful of sand and a lock of the victim's hair.

BODY

01-02	A cluster of heads with mouths screaming for mercy in different languages.
03-04	Small child with enormous eyes.
05-06	Victim of disease; eyes and ears seep blood.
07-08	Long, cylindrical, with skin that is rough like brick.
09-10	Mass of slippery black tissue that exudes greasy yellow liquids.
11-12	Amalgam of human, canine, and equine parts.
13-14	Bulbous green torso, covered in yellowish ichor.
15-16	Gorgeous nude human.
17-18	House-sized blob of bone-white tissue, covered in bright blue orifices that discharge foul-smelling brown fluids.
19-20	Apelike, with powerful hind legs and a muscular chest.
21-22	Mouthless tiger with multifaceted eyes.
23-24	Layer upon layer of unraveling skin wrapped around a single bone.
25-26	Six-legged equine with colossal reproductive organs.
27-28	Skeletal monster covered in barbs and thorns.
29-30	Confusing assembly of legs, arms, tails, claws, wings, and pseudopods.
31-32	Snakelike, with bands of vivid color down its length.
33-34	Bulbous quadruped with raw and exposed flesh.
35-36	Cluster of humans mashed together into single screaming entity.
37-38	Mange-covered hound.
39-40	Decaying warrior in rusting and dented armor.
41-42	Skinless boar with bright green skin.
43-44	Shimmering translucent orb full of glittering dust that sparkles like precious metal.
45-46	Leathery-skinned pachyderm, twenty feet at the shoulder.
47-48	Long-legged reptilian runner with hollow bones.
49-50	Enormous grey insect covered in black bristles.
51-52	Legless infant covered in sores.
53-54	Long-limbed feline with translucent skin.
55-56	Mass of pink tissue covered in bright green cysts.
57-58	Cube-shaped body with transparent skin showing the internal organs; cold to the touch.
59-60	Thousands of insects clutching each other in a surging mass.
61-62	Large four-armed beast with bright green skin.
63-64	Ten-foot crocodile.

65-66	Vast crimson monstrosity with thick legs, each ending in a cloven hoof.
67-68	Man-sized toad covered in warts that squirt random liquids at those who draw near.
69-70	Muscular, spiked, reptilian humanoid.
71-72	Ox-sized mass of bruise-colored tissue.
73-74	Rotting corpse.
75-76	Giant tick covered in shiny silver-colored chitin.
77-78	Mechanical construct shaped like a massive crab.
79-80	Seems to be a holy man or woman.
81-82	Animated statue made of organic stone.
83-84	Segmented worm, long as a man is tall, covered in violet scales.
85-86	Six-foot-long centipede with red segments.
87-88	Winged human with distorted features.
89-90	Ambulatory plant with vines, thorns, and heavy seed-pods.
91-92	Asymmetrical being made of paper that when peeled back in layers, reveals a darkness beneath.
93-94	Withered, emaciated limbs; dry skin; large holes through midsection.
95-96	Cluster of fleshy pink spheres.
97-98	Oozing wad of crimson slime.
99-100	Feathered horror with multiple beaks and wings.

APPENDAGES

01-03	A long stalk of flesh, lined with unblinking eyes.
04-06	Bulbous yellow belly.
07-09	Spectral wads of ectoplasmic tissue that orbit the main body.
10-12	Glistening orange tentacles.
13-15	Row of fingers jutting from body.
16-18	Four glistening tentacles tipped with pale blue claws.
19-21	From its mouth protrudes a thick, glistening pink ovipositor.
22-24	Gaping cavity in body, full of glowing insects.
25-27	Head of a beautiful maiden or boy.
28-30	Bright red mouths all over.
31-33	Glistening trench full of delicate bulbs of tissue.
34-36	Trails of smoke that resemble opaque liquid dripped into water.
37-39	Four muscular legs ending in giant hooves.
40-42	Serrated hooks at end of tongue.
43-45	Kidney-shaped head and three long legs.
46-48	Twin heads screaming obscenities at each other.
49-51	Skull-like heads and stubby arms.
52-54	Tendrils dripping with banana-yellow mucus.
55-57	Face is nothing but large purple flower and a cluster of small brown branches.
58-60	Rubbery strands of tissue draped around middle.
61-63	Vast flaps of translucent skin.
64-66	Spines growing from back, where it displays severed heads and dried human entrails.
67-69	Fungal growth along underside.
70-72	Undulating carpet of soft thin fibers.
73-75	Scalding hot red exoskeleton (immune to cold attacks).
76-78	Diaphanous insect wings (+30' movement).
79-81	Single long tusk that drips milky saliva (50% poison).
82-84	Spines of white bone pushed through bloodied skin (+1 damage).
85-87	Bristled insect limbs, proboscis, antennae (25% cause disease on hit).
88-90	Large, circular bioluminescent scales (Armor +1).
91-93	Feathered wings (+60' movement).
94-96	Segmented tail tipped with a barbed stinger (+2 damage).
97-99	Gaping maw, dripping acidic saliva (75% poison).
100	Roll twice, keep both.

SCENT

01-05	Feces
06-10	Vomit
11-15	Urine
16-20	Sulfur
21-25	Rotten eggs
26-30	Burning hair
31-35	Decay
36-40	Sweat
41-45	Vinegar
46-50	Incense
51-55	Rain
56-60	Ocean
61-65	Pine
66-70	Old books
71-75	Eucalyptus
76-80	Honeysuckle
81-85	Cloves
86-90	Strawberries
91-95	Orange rind
96-100	Rose petals

PERSONALITY

01-10	*Hostile*: Will attack the caster on sight.
20-40	*Neutral*: Acts in its own interests; bears the caster no ill will, but is not favorably disposed towards him/her either. If the caster makes good fodder for satisfying the entity's Compulsion, so be it.
41-80	*Helpful*: Though it will value its own life above that of the caster, the monster will assist in combat, and will perceive itself to be affiliated with the caster in some way.
81-100	*Loyal*: Will die for the caster without hesitation. Sees him/her as its master.

HIT POINTS

01-10	1d4
11-20	1d6
21-30	1d8
31-40	2d8
41-50	3d8
51-60	4d8
61-70	5d8
71-80	6d8
81-90	7d8
91-100	8d8

DAMAGE

01-15	1
16-30	1d2
31-45	1d3
46-60	1d4
61-70	1d6
71-80	1d8
81-90	1d10
91-100	1d12

ARMOR

01-15	12
16-30	13
31-45	14
46-60	15
61-75	16
76-90	17
91-100	18

MOVEMENT

01-30	30’
31-50	60’
51-70	90’
71-90	120’
91-100	150’

ATTACKS

01-30	1
31-60	2
61-80	3
81-100	4

MORALE

01-25	9
26-50	10
51-75	11
76-100	12

NUMBER OF ABILITIES

01-40	1
41-80	2
81-100	3

ABILITIES

01-05	Immunity to paralysis.
06-10	Immunity to poison.
11-15	+1 to all saving throws
16-20	Random first level Magic-User spell.
21-25	+1 to damage
26-30	Random second level Magic-User spell.
31-35	+1 to hit
36-40	Random third level Magic-User spell.
41-45	+2 to all saving throws
46-50	Random fourth level Magic-User spell.
51-55	+2 to damage
56-60	Random fifth level Magic-User spell.
61-65	+2 to hit
66-70	Random sixth level Magic-User spell.
71-75	+3 to all saving throws
76-80	Random seventh level Magic-User spell.
81-85	+3 to damage
86-90	Random eighth level Magic-User spell.
91-95	+3 to hit
96-100	Random ninth level Magic-User spell.

COMPULSION

01-02	To torture those who feed and clothe the poor.
03-04	To destroy an irreplaceable holy text.
05-06	To consume some of the flesh of those who have fornicated recently.
07-08	To chase someone through a maze and to maim the victim upon capture.
09-10	To construct a domicile from the bodies of children, and dwell therein.
11-12	To eat 1d4 fingers cut from a Magic-User or Cleric.
13-14	To fornicate in front of a large audience.
15-16	To write poetry in the freshly drawn blood of mothers.
17-18	To convince the faithful that their deity walks among them.
19-20	To gather information about local cults for its otherworldly master.
21-22	To lure a prominent warrior into an ambush and defeat him/her through treachery.
23-24	To disassemble a randomly-chosen person and then put him/her back together somehow.
25-26	To lay eggs inside a living victim.
27-28	To slaughter animals by the dozens.
29-30	To devour those who murder their own kin.
31-32	To blackmail an innocent person into committing a dreadful crime.
33-34	To solve the problems of ordinary people.
35-36	To capture those who harm animals; these people must then be fed to hungry beasts.
37-38	To destroy valuable artworks.
39-40	To free those who are imprisoned, regardless of reason.
41-42	To gamble huge sums of silver.
43-44	To gather the beasts unto it like a flock; though they don't disturb one another, the beasts are hostile to all humans.
45-46	To hunt and kill adulterers.
47-48	To kill the youngest person in the region.
49-50	To set deadly traps in public places.
51-52	To wear the skins of women who can no longer conceive.
53-54	To drive a powerful woman to infidelity.
55-56	To drive the despondent to commit suicide.
57-58	To cripple a man who is close to a powerful ruler.
59-60	To consume diseased flesh.
61-62	To castrate an arrogant man.

63-64	To extract all of a child's teeth.
65-66	To cook and eat the gluttonous.
67-68	To force others to worship those who have lost children, and to treat these people as gods. A new name (akin to orphan or widow) must be invented for these persons.
69-70	To demolish a house of worship.
71-72	To watch someone commit suicide.
73-74	To follow a stranger home and murder everyone who lives there (except the person who was followed—that person must be left alive to witness the carnage).
75-76	To force someone to listen to the monster's tale of woe.
77-78	To devour silver by the handful.
79-80	To humiliate the powerful in public.
81-82	To force two people who love each other to fight until one is dead.
83-84	To frame someone for a horrible crime.
85-86	To murder the elderly after confronting them with their failures.
87-88	To feed on those who wear holy vestments, but are without faith.
89-90	To find true happiness.
91-92	To disfigure a random stranger.
93-94	To pursue, toy with, and flay virgins.
95-96	To steal enchanted items of great power.
97-98	To observe the interactions of men and women, and to learn the ways of their courtship and copulation.
99-100	Pleasant conversation with the caster.

PROXIMITY

01-25	The caster must commit the act while the monster watches.
26-50	The caster performs the act, and must describe it in detail afterwards. The monster instinctively knows whether the Compulsion has actually been satisfied, and if the caster tries to deceive the monster, it will attack him/her immediately.
51-75	The entity must the commit act alone; if anyone tries to help it satisfy its Compulsion, it will become hostile, even violent.
76-100	It must commit the act, and the caster must help

PENALTIES

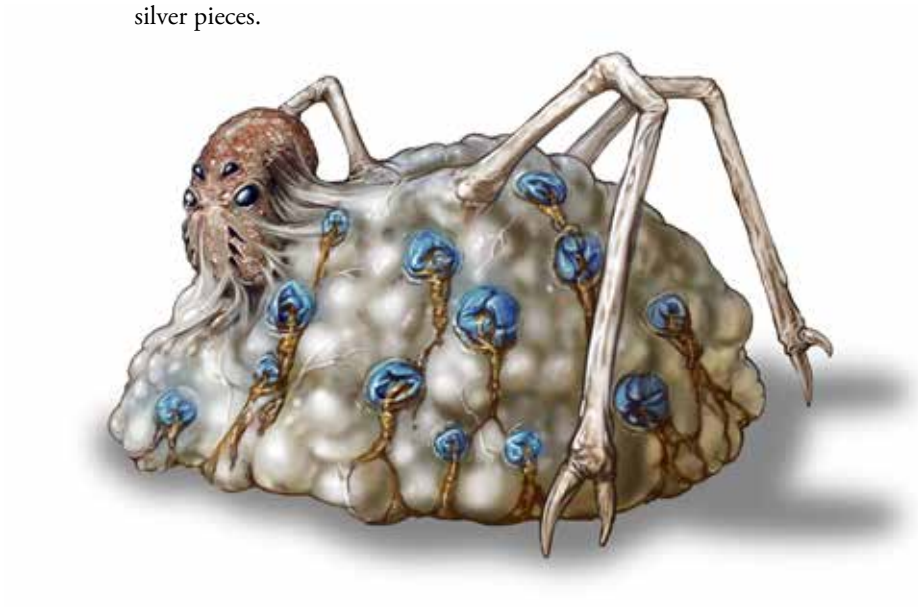
01-05	Permanent blindness.
06-10	Constitution halved for 1d20 days.
11-15	New personality. Amnesia.
16-20	Vomiting blood (lose 1d4 hit points).
21-25	Hundreds of people in the region are subjected to vivid hallucinations in which they see the caster(s) performing blasphemous rituals and sadistic acts of depravity. Dozens of these people die in agony, and the survivors continue to experience lingering pain and nausea for days.
26-30	Every animal in the region becomes intelligent, and is filled with profound hatred for the caster(s).
31-35	A colossal wave of blood crashes through region, washing homes away and killing thousands of people; they rise up as undead.
36-40	Two randomly-chosen attribute scores are switched permanently. This is rolled separately for each caster.
41-45	The caster's body is covered with a fungal growth that lasts for 1d6 days and subtracts a point of Dexterity each day (penalty lasts 1d4 days after growth ends).
46-50	A gate opens to a realm of tangible hatred, and something ravenous will slither through. It wants the caster(s) dead.
51-55	The caster's armor and weapons become brittle and will crack when touched.
56-60	The caster attracts the attention of every insect in a one-mile radius.
61-65	One of the caster's possessions (randomly selected) is transformed into what appears to be human flesh. Some of it has bristly hairs, some is shiny, some is scarred. There are teeth protruding here and there: normal-sized molars and incisors. Beneath the skin, the caster will find muscle and bone and irregularly-shaped organs. Eventually, the flesh will die, and it will rot. This happens to each caster.
66-70	The casters all vomit up living things, which attack: Armor 14, Movement 120', 2 Hit Dice, 12 hp, 1d6 damage, Morale 12.
71-75	Noxious fumes follow caster.
76-80	A local leader is found dead, with the casters' names carved into his/her torso.
81-85	Severe stomach pain. Lose 1 hit point.
86-90	Fatigue; -1 to all saving throws for 2 hours.
91-95	Massive blisters; move rate halved.
96-100	No effect.

DURATION

01-20	1 day
21-40	1d2 days
41-50	1d3 days
51-60	1d4 days
61-70	1d6 days
71-80	1d8 days
81-90	1d10 days
91-100	1d12 days

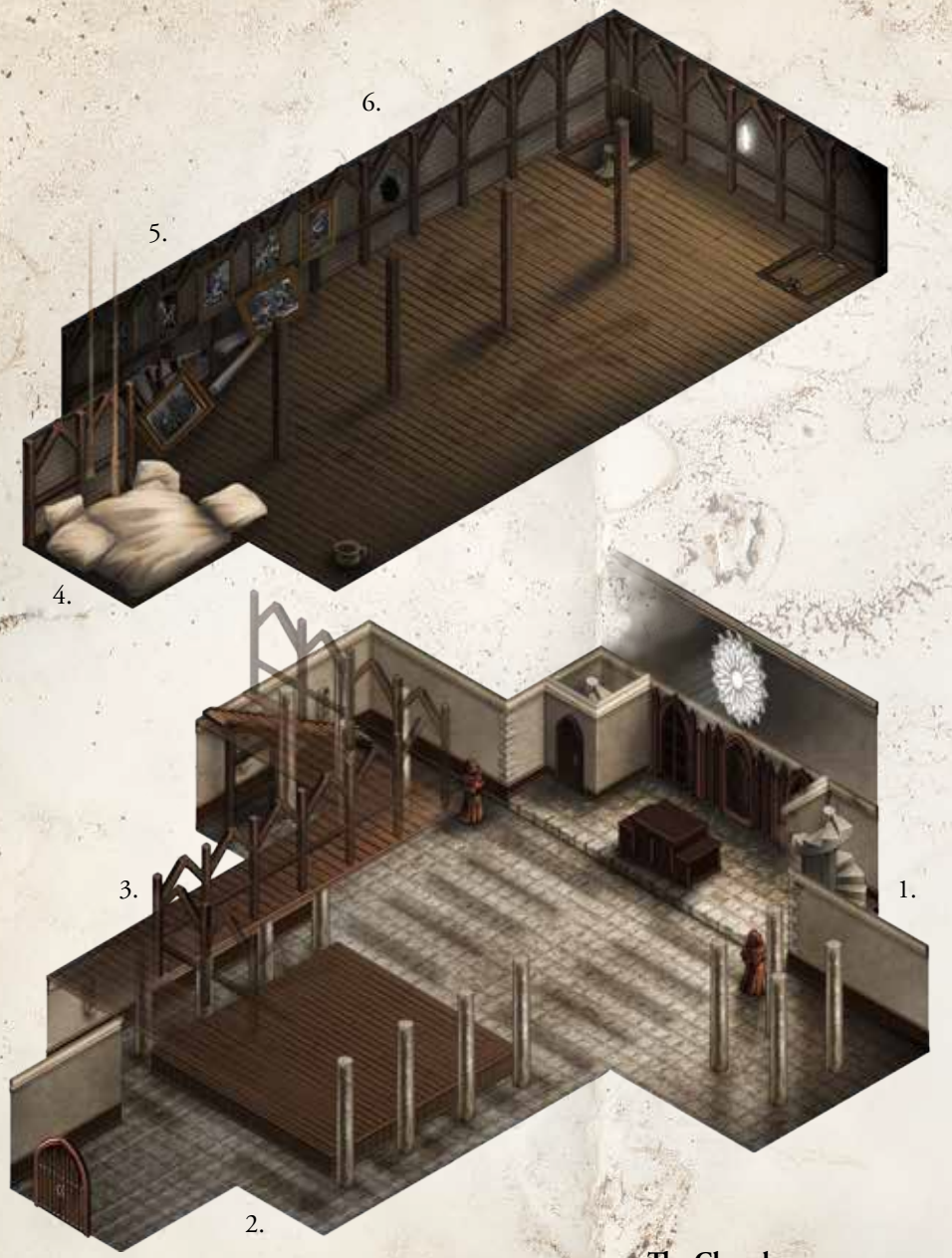
AFTERMATH

01-20	The entity explodes, inflicting 1d20 damage in a 20' radius; save halves.
21-40	The creature liquefies and seeps into the ground.
41-60	It dissipates in a cloud of foul-smelling smoke.
61-80	The monster vanishes silently.
81-100	Its flesh turns to dust, and it is gone, leaving behind a gem worth 1d100 silver pieces.



Locations

1. Woods
2. Edington
3. Pond
4. Forsgreave
5. Pendle Moor
6. The Priory



The Church

1. Attic access
2. Stage
3. Balcony
4. Maiden's bed
5. Pornography
6. Hole

The Priory

1. Infirmary
2. Cloister
3. Stable
4. Balneary
5. Pigsties
6. Church

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To strike a blow against the Patriarchy, six women perform a dangerous rite in an abandoned priory. Through dance, they commune with Terpsichore, Greek muse and patroness of dancers.

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